

SIDE SCENES IN THE CITY.

SKETCHED AT RANDOM BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

A Surface Car Conductor Handicapped in an Interesting Contest.

A respectable-looking woman, plainly clad, was riding in a surface car, the other day. She was dressed in black, wore glasses, and her hair was combed plainly down at the sides of her head.

As she reached a cross street she leaned forward and made a sign to the conductor. He was talking to some young man on the platform and did not see. The lady made two or three attempts to engage his attention, but he was too engrossed to notice her and the car was rolling her further away from her street.

Finally, in irritated desperation, she reached up, caught hold of a strap and merrily rang up a fare on the registry!

The conductor looked, saw and understood. He came towards the lady.

"You will have to pay me a nickel, ma'am," he said, "for that fare which you rang up."

"I didn't intend to ring a fare," said the lady. "I wanted to get off. If you had been paying attention to your business it would not have happened."

"If you don't pay I shall have to," returned the conductor, "and if you don't pay pretty hard I have to pay for the people who ride out of my own salary. It is not big enough for that."

The attention of the car's occupants was quite taken up with the dispute, and they waited interestedly to see how it would end. Who would come off best, the conductor or the woman?

"I shall not pay," said the lady, and she certainly looked as if she meant it, for her lips tightened and her face was quite set.

"You can take this lady's fare," indicating a passenger who had just yet to get off, and not ring anything. That will make it all right."

"Yes, it would. It would make it all right that I would be honored for collecting fares and not ringing them up," said the conductor savagely.

"Well, let me out," said the lady rather abruptly. "You have carried me four blocks beyond where I wanted to get off, because you were not doing your duty and looking after the passengers. I shall not pay a cent more. It is the principle of the thing that I care for, not the nickel. If you do not let me off," she continued, looking sharply at the badge with a number on it on the conductor's coat, "I will see what the Superintendent has to say about such treatment of passengers."

The conductor was so nettled and mixed up in his mind about things that in the attempt to ring the bell he rang up a new fare himself. The lady gave the right string afterwards nearly pulled it down. The lady got off.

I'd rather have a dozen men than one woman on a car," said the conductor disgustedly to an EVENING WORLD woman, when the car started again. The lady won.

The Drinks Business Can't Have Been Rushing Just Then.

An EVENING WORLD reporter combined a funny experience with a hairbreadth escape the other evening.

He had just finished making a call in Williamsburg and sought to lighten the long ride to his home in Brooklyn town by smoking a cigar on the trip. He had a cigar, but no matches, and entered a near-by saloon in quest of a light.

No one was visible as he entered the place, but a muffled snore which issued from the corner of the saloon was traced to the nose of the barkeeper, who was fast asleep upon two chairs.

Not wishing to disturb the poor tired man, the reporter withdrew to the rear of the saloon and struck a light very cautiously.

Then he determined to make his escape. As he raised the latch of the door, his attention was attracted by a sound which he jumped to his feet and yelled, "Hi, there!"

The reporter used the same words to a card-driver, about half a block ahead, and as he reached the back platform of the conveyance he glanced around and saw a halcyon, excited and white-aproned individual yowing pantomimic vengeance.

The conductor and driver, when they heard what was the matter, leaped with all their might. The driver suggested that in the reporter's place he would have won a drink before he left the saloon.

Big Bonds, Due in Six Years and Selling at a Bunch, Have Never Before Seen Confederate Bonds Sold Daily in front of a downtown stationery store on Broadway.

The proprietor has recently displayed a thousand-dollar bond in his window. He shows by a card that he will sell it for \$3, and says he has five hundred-dollar bonds for which he asks \$2.

The bond in the window is dated Feb. 17, 1864, and is made redeemable July 1, 1894.

Thinks It Plausible.

So the Editor of The Evening World: Your correspondent of 195 Broadway, who subscribes himself, "Gorgensen," in this evening's issue, appears to me to have struck the nail properly on the head although he may be slightly at fault in regard to the "thing theory." I was ten years in British India, comprising of Burma, Borneo and Hindustan, and it would afford me much pleasure to be in direct communication with your correspondent, simply because his theory and mine might be true, and I would like to know what benefit and assist those now trying to unravel this terrible Whitechapel mystery.

P. S., 467 West Twenty-first street.

AN EPISODE.

IN THE vestibule at midnight stood the pair. And the step was low and sweet And their lips would gently meet, While dear "Harley" would repeat, "Oh, so far!"

Down the dimly lighted stairway Crept her maid, And the step was low and low As he nerved him for the blow That would knock the dizzy beau Oh, so far!

In the hallway shortly after Lay her maid; And his daughter held his head, As the old man faintly said, "I think his gloves were lined with lead." "Oh, so far!"

MORAL.—And the old gentleman didn't get there just the same.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

T was towards the close of a glorious day in the southern part of Virginia. I had been fishing since early morn, and, becoming absorbed in the sport, I failed to notice that the tide had gone out and left me aground among the tall weeds that abounded on the shore.

An idea struck me that I would land, light a fire and nap beneath the shadow of a rock not far from me, and await the return of the tide.

This idea once conceived, I was soon on terra firma, and by the light of the moon,

THE BIGGEST NUISANCE.

A Very Popular Topic with "The Evening World's" Correspondents.

Yes, some Landlords. The biggest nuisance out is the peddler coming in the store and crying out, "Matches, dusters and shoeblacks. Have them all arrested right away."

Hot Water From the L. Road. To the Editor of The Evening World: The greatest nuisance in the selling of hot water and oil on the public generally from the engine on the L. Road while waiting for signals at the corner of Fifty-fifth street and Ninth avenue.

One Who Knows. East Eighty-ninth and East Ninetieth streets.

In the Tariff a Nuisance? To the Editor of The Evening World: The greatest nuisance in the United States at present is our tariff system. And the remedy is the single tax system as advocated by Henry George and the Rev. H. C. Pentecost.

Internal Revenue a Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: The greatest nuisance in reality in the United States is the internal revenue on tobacco and cigars.

The Cigarette Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: One of the worst nuisances in the cigarette business, who monopolize the sidewalk in front of the Real Estate Exchange in Liberty street. A lady cannot pass by between 12 and 14, without stepping off the walk into the street. Could it not be remedied?

The Cigarette Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: The worst and most damaging nuisance of the United States is the cigarette, from smoking which many young men's health is ruined. A bill ought to be passed forbidding the manufacture of cigarettes or selling the same in the United States.

A Political Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: The greatest nuisance I can think of is a professional politician. He is a man who does not care to earn anything by honest labor. Easy and fat jobs are his only purpose. Nor is he scrupulous about the means of getting it; anything is justifiable for him so long as it serves his purpose.

Corrected. (From Judge.)

Mr. McKewen—And now, my dear, if you're ready, you get on to the horse?

Miss McKewen—I wish, papa, you'd stop using slang. You should say, "Do you see the horse?"

News Summary.

A New Zealand diver signs with an octopus five fathoms below the surface and comes out safe and sound.

Sixty Cornell Sophomores attack an Illinois boarding-house, smash the furniture with axes and capture a Freshman beauty.

The steamer Alva arrives from Hamburg after a calamitous passage, the captain and six of the crew being seriously injured.

An enormous natural gas well is struck at Zear, N. Y.

It is discovered that 100 colored women in male attire voted at Raleigh, N. C.

Gen. Custer, the great French Communist, is elected by a 4,000 majority in the Department of Var.

Summonses are issued by the British Home Office for the arrest of Minnie, Pinocchio and Sheela, Irish members of Parliament.

The steamship City of Macon, for Boston, collides with the Tallahassee, from New York, near Savannah.

Postmaster Brown, of Baltimore, suggests the novel plan of placing letter-boxes on the rear of street cars running to the post-office.

Coming Events.

Annual reception of the Peter Bruhn Association Harmonie Rooms, 125-126 Essex street, Sunday evening, Dec. 15.

Annual ball of the Charles F. McKee Association, Walden Hall, 45-25 Orchard street, Tuesday evening, Nov. 27.

Second annual ball of the M. E. Featherston Association at Lexington Avenue Opera-House this (Monday) evening, Nov. 26.

Fourth annual ball of the White Hall Association at Terrace Garden on Tuesday, Nov. 27.

MONDAY'S THEATRICAL CONCERT at 25 cents a bottle will give relief to children to-day. Try it.

THE PUGILISTIC TANGLE GROWS STILL MORE COMPLICATED.

A Great Offering of Presents Among the Big Fighters—Jimmy Carson's Challenge Promptly Picked Up by Jack McAuliffe—Big Pleasure for Johnny Ward—Amateur Thanksgiving Games.

All communications regarding sporting matters for this paper must be addressed to the Editor of THE EVENING WORLD, 38 Park Row. No one else is authorized to receive them.

The first midnight run of the Cross Country Association will take place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, starting at 8 o'clock from the grounds of the American Athletic Club, One Hundred and Eighth street and First Avenue. A fast and slow pack will be arranged. A musical entertainment will take place after the run, in the course of which the colors given by Mr. Sacks to the champion cross-country team will be presented.

Just as Charley Mitchell, not wanting to hurt Jack Dempsey, is making his kindly offer of \$1,000 for eight rounds of glove practice, up hops that big fellow, John L. Sullivan, editor and pugilist, covering five or six miles of Boston pavement every day, fast becoming as strong as an ox again, quite agreeing with Mitchell that superiority can be demonstrated with the gloves and offering the Englishman \$1,000, before he leaves the ring, if he will stand up before him eight rounds.

Now, says Mitchell's reply: "I don't want to take advantage of the man. He is sick, and I give advice to him to stay off for five years or so. However, if he wants to have a go I will give him \$1,000 if he will stand up against me for eight rounds."

It is a fine state of things, with the chief men of pugilism at a stand-off offering presents to each other at a reckless rate.

In Pittsburgh on Thanksgiving Day John L. Power, of Philadelphia, and L. S. Carter, of Hammond, Ill., will shoot a match for \$500 and the title of champion west of the United States. It is Brewer's challenge, and the conditions are 100 birds, London Club rules.

The sports are now waiting to hear from Jimmy Carson, English light-weight champion, who has deposited \$200 with Richard K. Fox, and wants to back McAuliffe against Carson for \$1,000 a side, the fight to occur in America and Carson to receive \$100 for expenses. Carson has \$200 deposited with the London Sporting Life, and says he is willing to fight on American soil. This looks like business, and it is more than likely that the men will meet in this country and determine which is champion light-weight pugilist of the world.

It appears that C. W. Oldreive, the young man who started on Monday last week to walk the Hudson River from New York to New Orleans, accomplished his feat. At his rate he walked into Steve Brodie's saloon, 114 Bowers, Saturday night and said he had done it, and his stomach was backed up by a Mr. Hurley, who followed him down the river in a dingy. Six days and ten hours were required in making the trip. Oldreive says he journeyed only with the ebb tide.

Pete McCabe's benefit at Hudson Hall, Hoboken, is billed for to-night. Jake Hyman, the English light-weight, who is matched to fight Jack McAuliffe, will act as master of ceremonies, and there will be several lively scraps between well-known sports.

W. T. Young, of the Spartan Harriers, now enjoys the distinction of having made the best record for the one-hour run, having covered 10 miles 54-3 yards in an hour on Saturday at the Manhattan Athletic Club Grounds. The track was heavy, too, and this adds to Young's credit. The record was before held by Billy Robertson, and was 10 miles 17-3 yards. Young increased the distance 19-3 yards.

In college football Yale now stands first, Princeton second and Harvard third. The University of Pennsylvania and Wesleyan are tied in last place.

It hardly seems possible that Teemer, with his real ability and his aspirations to the championship, would have sold out Saturday's race to the Conner, Fred Pittsburg backer, James W. Sullivan, asserts to have been the case, and he has engaged counsel for an investigation. He has also issued a statement that he will pay over the money. Referee Elder says the race was won on his merits.

The rumor flies over Washington wires that our late John Montgomery Ward will receive \$2,000 for his next year's services at the Capital City. This will be his hardest bit of the season, but he will probably earn the money.

The experts say that Washington is sure to cut a pretty figure in the League the coming year, and that the tail end which has known her will certainly lose her acquaintance.

Thanksgiving Day games will include a paper chase by the Nonpareil Rowing Club; a programme at Claremont, N. J., by the New York Suburban Shooting Association; a paper chase by the Spartan Harriers; football by the Bedford and Achilles and the Brooklyn Athletic Association grounds, and a gymnastic exhibition by the Brooklyn Turn Verein at Saengerbund Hall.

Not That Kind of Poet. (From the Yankee Blade.) "No, William," the maiden faltered, "I never loved in my life."

"And I'll tell you the reason why: You're only a poor spring poet. Without any prospect in life."

And also? You're as nice as nice can be. You could never support a wife."

Young William arose from his benumbed knees, and in a voice that rang round the room, he said: "If you think I'm a goin', Maidsy Jane, You've got the wrong chick by the ear; I'm none of yer desolate poet, I'm a poet; I write patent medicine puff, 'er charms; And she tumbled right into my arms."

There is No Other Article In the world that will cure a cough or cold so swiftly or so surely as KERR'S EXTRACTOR. Having tried our having KERR'S and you will never be disappointed. Sold by all druggists. Wm. E. Kerr & Co., 209 Duane and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th ave., near 23d st., New York. Established 42 years.

SPORTS OF FIELD AND RING.

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THE PRIZE OLE ELECTION.

Rival Tickets for the Election of Officers to Be Held To-Day.

To-day's annual election of officers of the New York Press Club promises to be an exciting one, three tickets being placed in nomination. There will, however, be no opposition to the re-election of Col. John A. Cokerill as President or of Charles J. Smith to the First Vice-Presidency.

For the second Vice-Presidency, John W. Keller is on the regular ticket and Ashley W. Cokerill is on the ticket of the Committee of Fifty. For the third Vice-Presidency the candidates are Charles W. Sutcliffe and James Cokerill; for Treasurer, William N. Fenney and George W. Williams; and for Financial Secretary, Charles T. Arnoux and John K. Whitley.

Among the Workers. The United Order of Luenmen has been organized. The Central Labor Union replaced the boycott on pool beer yesterday.

The brewery (darker beer) Employees' Protective Association will have its annual ball in Clerkenwell Hall, Dec. 11.

Charles Sothman has been elected by the Central Labor Union president of the Central Labor Union of the American Federation of Labor at St. Louis Dec. 11.

A committee of the Central Labor Union will be organized to hold a series of lectures on the subject of factory inspection as far as it relates to women.

The Brooklyn Central Labor Union has resolved to favor the enforcement of the eight-hour law in 1890. In the mean time a vigorous agitation is in progress until all labor organizations join the movement.

LITTLE EDITH THRIVES. Expected to Be Released from the Incubator This Week.

Baby Edith Eleanor McLean when seen through the glass of the incubator at Ward's Island Hospital this morning by an EVENING WORLD reporter looked perceptibly larger than she did at her last visit. Dr. Thomas said the little one had gained four ounces in weight and was a quarter of an inch longer, which for so minute a specimen of humanity was considerable.

The raising of baby Edith is a triumph for the hatching grade, and the experiment is regarded as a success. The obstacle in the way of their amusement is Mrs. Fernandez's husband. He has threatened to go away for a fortnight if she gives a Christmas present to the child.

William Whitecar, who was seen last week in the unfortunate "Undercurrent" at Niblo's, has joined "The Fugitive" company in Pennsylvania. It will begin an engagement next Monday night at the Windsor. Mr. Whitecar will only rehearse with the company during the present week.

Mrs. Fanny Davenport made a great financial success in Philadelphia last week at the Chestnut Street Theatre. There was no record except on one occasion.

William J. Conley, formerly of the operatic firm of Conley & Barton, is to take out his opera company, which will open in Philadelphia on Monday night. The company, Mr. Conley and his friends are of course very enthusiastic about their plans, and, equally, of course, intend casting the case on the company to occupy its usual place except on one occasion.

Gardner's "Uncle Tom" company is "resting." Alas! for a reason that is enforced. The scenery is stored. The reason is that "dates" are wanting.

John P. Slocum, who was connected with "The Kitty" and Metastay, is in the city. He is as flamboyantly interesting and as conspicuously eccentric as ever, though, like the spinner in the song, he is not yet engaged.

A Brass Monkey" at the Bijou will, it is said, remain there until Jan. 1. Prof. Herrmann has a date at the theatre before that time, and he will probably leave the management to their contract or else. He will not consider any inducements to give up his time, it is said.

"Johnny" Wild has not been doing a good business with his play, "Running Wild," but it is also said that he has not been doing

Too Late! Too Late! (From the Yankee Blade.) They stole all my lightning bolts I struck, And bottled my fire in the theatre; They were born, they were born in luck. There is Homer, too, has been highly praised For writing his Iliad in the theatre. He is the trumpet of Fame upraised, And the world of the horn!

They rode me before I had a chance, They rode me before I had a chance, And boarded my trunks of gay romance Before I could take command. They wrote my thoughts and were covered with great, While I languish unknown in these subsequent days. A man who was born too late!

A Sure Indication. (From the Yankee Blade.) Perished our nation's heroes, I believe. Barry—he? I was not aware of it. Yes—Yes? He used to make five-cent cigars, but now he smokes Henry Clay's wholies.

FROM CALIFORNIA. Lodi, San Joaquin Co., Cal., Dec. 1.

GENTLEMEN: We have just bought another box of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, which we find to be so excellent for keeping the system in order and keeping sick headache away from us as anything else. I cheerfully testify to the merit of Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS.

In case of sick headache, biliousness, torpid liver, dyspepsia, constipation, Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS never fail to give relief, both to men and all ages. They are compounded with regard to the most delicate constitutions. Sold by all druggists; price 25 cents. Prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburg, Pa. Wm. E. Kerr & Co., 209 Duane and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 6th ave., near 23d st., New York. Established 42 years.

Men's Underwear. 5 BIG BARGAINS.

No. 1. DOUBLE BACK AND FRONT WHITE MERINO SHIRTS.

No. 2. ENG. TAN SHADE RIBBED BOTTOM SHIRTS.

No. 3. LAMB'S WOOL WHITE RIBBED BOTTOM SHIRTS.

No. 4. VICUNA COLORED WOOL SHIRTS.

No. 5. NATURAL SANITARY WOOL RIBBED SHIRTS, DRAWERS TO MATCH. ALL ABOVE LINES

95c. Each.

CATALOGUE MAILED FREE.

Prices Same at Both Stores.

EUGENE P. EISER.

383 Broadway, NEAR WHITE ST.

123 Fulton St., (Between Nassau and William St.)

NOTE.—OUR ONLY BROADWAY STORE IS AT WHITE ST.

BEHIND THE DROP CURTAIN.

FIFTY-FOUR OF THE GAIETY'S COMELY MAIDENS ARE AMERICANS.

Manager Hill's "Phillip Herne" Flourishing on the Road—William Whitecar Joins "The Fugitive" Company in Pennsylvania—Fanny Davenport in Philadelphia—John W. Keller in the Theatre.

Fifty-four of the comely maidens who are to be seen nightly at the Standard Theatre with the London Gaiety Company in the burlesque "Monte Cristo, Jr.," are Americans. They were engaged on this side of the Atlantic, and they have made a big hit, though the fact that they came not from Albion may prove rather sorrowful intelligence to the Anglo-American. The Gaiety people are charmed with the American girls; so charmed, indeed, that they voluntarily raised their salaries. The management have been so loud in their praises of these New Yorkers that the English girls, it is said, do not look upon them with any degree of conspicuous favor, though the principals, Miss Farrow, Miss Hood and Miss Lind treat them charmingly. The Americans say they have never had such a pleasant engagement before; the management accord them the utmost consideration, even to paying them their salaries early Saturday morning.

The English girls are all excited and the theatre at uncomfortable hours. Uncle Sam's fifty-four daughters are charmed with their experience in an English company, which is an interesting fact to note.

Manager Hill's "Phillip Herne" is said to be doing a wonderfully good business on the road. During the last two weeks of its run at the Standard Theatre it drew large audiences.